



SOMEWHERE IN THE SWISS ALPS... THE THIN VEIL BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH PARTS...

GHOSTS WALK THE COLD EARTH...

AND TIME STANDS STILL... LITERALLY.

LET'S TAKE A MOMENT... AND REFLECT, GENTS. I WANT TO ENJOY THIS.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S FINALLY HAPPENING... FREEDOM... THE END OF OUR LONG CURSE --

WHAT ARE YOU WHINING ABOUT, TODD? WE'VE ONLY BEEN DEAD A FEW WEEKS! WORKING'S BEEN TRAPPED ON EARTH FOR YEARS!

YOU ALWAYS WERE A PENTY-WAIST...

BUT AJAX SEEMS UNSTOPPABLE... AND DEADPOOL...

AJAX TORE THROUGH EACH ONE OF US IN ORDER TO GET TO DEADPOOL... THE MAN OWES US...

LIKE IT OR NOT, HE WILL KILL AJAX, AND SET US FREE...

I HOPE SO... MY SPIRIT IS STARTING TO SMELL FUNNY...

YOO-HOO! WHAT ABOUT THESE TWO?

DOCTOR, KILLERBREW MADE AJAX THE MACHINE HE IS TODAY! SHOULDN'T WE BE HAUNTING HIM LIKE WE DO DEADPOOL?

NO... FORGET HIM... THERE'S ANOTHER PLAN IN MOTION FOR THE GOOD DOCTOR...

AS FOR MISS ILANEY BRÜKNER... JUST COUNT HER AS YET ONE MORE CASUALTY OF WAR...

HE'S JUST NERVOUS, STEVE... TRUTH IS... I DON'T BLAME HIM...

DEADPOOL MUST DESTROY AJAX TO END THE ENMITY BETWEEN THEM... THE HATE THAT'S INFECTED US ALL...

SHE'S A POOR SLOB GOT MIXED UP IN THE WRONG MESS... C'EST LA VIE... JUST SO LONG AS SHE DOESN'T SCREW UP DEADPOOL'S FOCUS. SHALL WE GET TO THE MAIN EVENT?

SNAP



IS...
TH-THAT...
A-A-ALL...P
W-W...
WU-
WUS--
PANSYP



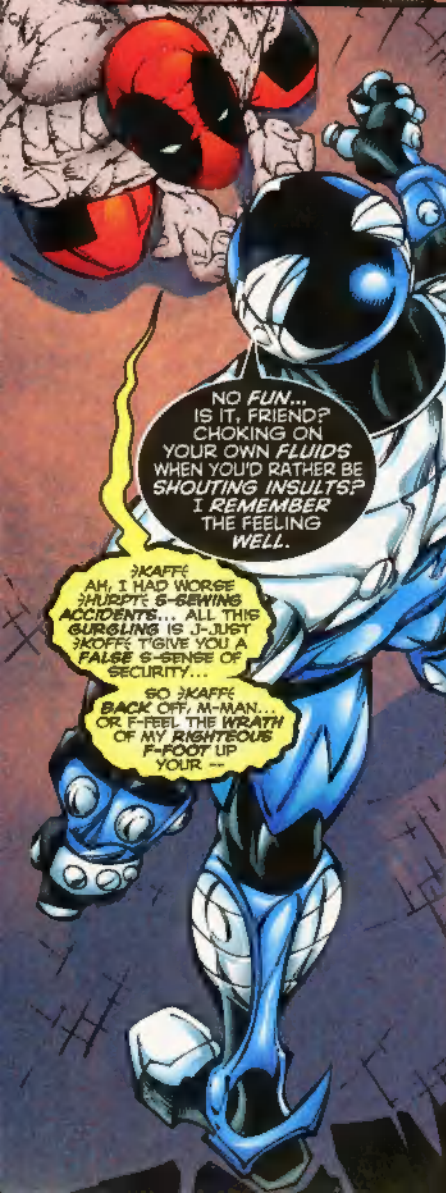
GET
READY TO
RUN... LAUFEN...
MIT DEADPOOL...
DON'T LOOK
BACK.

<DEAR
LORD...
NO... WHAT
ARE YOU
THINKING?
YOU
CAN'T --!>



I'M SORRY
WE HADN'T MET
SOONER,
MISS...

IT WOULD
HAVE BEEN NICE
TO HAVE A
NEIGHBOR.



NO FUN...
IS IT, FRIEND?
CHOKING ON
YOUR OWN FLUIDS
WHEN YOU'D RATHER BE
SHOUTING INSULTS?
I REMEMBER
THE FEELING
WELL.

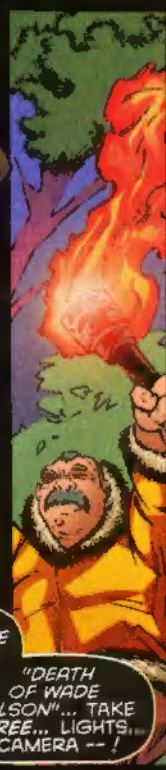
3KAFFE
AH, I HAD WORSE
3HURTS 6-SEWING
ACCIDENTS... ALL THIS
GURGLING IS J-JUST
3KOFFE T'GIVE YOU A
FALSE 6-SENSE OF
SECURITY...

GO 3KAFFE
BACK OFF, M-MAN...
OR F-FEEL THE WRATH
OF MY RIGHTEOUS
F-FOOT UP
YOUR --



DELUDED TO THE END,
EH? FINE. I HAD HOPED
FOR MORE
BEGGING --

BUT WE
WOULDN'T WANT
TO DELAY THIS
MOMENT AND LET
YOUR ILL-GOTTEN
HEALING FACTOR
KICK IN, NOW
WOULD WE?



SO...
SMILE WIDE
FOR THE
CAMERA...

"DEATH
OF WADE
WILSON"... TAKE
THREE... LIGHTS...
CAMERA -- !



ACTION.

?

MEANWHILE... A WORLD AWAY IN A SUNNY SAN FRANCISCO...

LEEAVIN' ON THE NEXT PLAAANE... SURE AS SHOOTIN' I WON'T BE BACK AGAIN...

DEADPOOL SAID IT... "AL, YOU'RE FREE," SAID IT, AND HE MEANT IT...

...FREEDOM... FREE... WHERE WILL I GO FIRST?

'COURSE IF I GO... WHO'S GONNA TAKE CARE OF THE JERK?

THIS IS COMPLETELY UNACCEPTABLE. YOU CAN'T GET A MENTAL LOCK ON DEADPOOL, SO WE GET HIS PRISONER?

THERE IS SOME SORT OF INTERFERENCE... TECH SAYS SOMETHING BURNED OUT THE PSI-CIRCUITS...

A SOMETHING HAPPENING IN THE X-REN #77! -- SHAMELESS PLUG KELLY.

NO... NO, I CAN'T POSSIBLY LEAVE NOW... HE'S JUST STARTING TO SEE HIS POTENTIAL...

HEL-LO! CRAZY OLD LADY! YOU'RE FREE!

YOU CAN BE HIS BUDDY AFTER HE'S SAVED THE UNIVERSE! BUH-BYE!

THAT IS WHAT ONE CALLS AN "UNHEALTHY CODEPENDANCE," MONTY.

WILSON HAS TREATED HER LIKE A SLAVE FOR YEARS --

-- AND WHEN HE FINALLY OFFERS HER THE CHANCE TO RUN, SHE'S INDECISIVE?

AL HAS HER REASONS, MISS CULLODEN... I SEE... A PENANCE TO PAY... A DEBT TO LIVE DOWN...

AS OPPOSED TO A CERTAIN OVER-ACHIEVER CURRENTLY IN THE EMPLOY OF LANDAU, LUCKMAN, AND LAKE THAT I KNOW...

...WHO CONTINUES TO SUPPORT THAT PSYCHOPATH WITH AN ALMOST FANATICAL ZEAL.

COME ON, ZOE, IT DOESN'T TAKE A FORTUNE-TELLER TO SEE... THAT MAN IS GOING TO GET YOU KILLED.

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

IT'S
QUIET DOWN
HERE...
NICE...

WATER
MUTES THE SOUND
OF MY SKIN CRACKLING
AND THE FISH POPPING...
THOUGH IT COULD JUST BE
MY EARDRUMS BLEW
WITH THE INITIAL
JOLT...

... EITHER WAY,
IT'S PEACEFUL...
VERY ZEN. GIVES
A BODY PAUSE
TO THINK WITH A
DEGREE OF
CLARITY...

I DON'T
WANT TO KILL
YOU,
FRANCIS.

REALLY.

WHAT I
WANT IS TO BEAT
YOU TO A TWITCHING PULP,
TIE YOU NAKED TO A
FROSTY FLAGPOLE, AND
LEAVE YOU FOR THE
AUTHORITIES WITH
A NOTE THAT
QUIPS:

"AJAX
JUST HAD HIS
CLOCK CLEANED - YOUR
FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD
DEADPOOL." JUST
LIKE A GOOD GUY
WOULD.

I WANT
TO BREAK THE
CYCLE WITHOUT
BREAKING YOUR
NECK.

I WANT
TO SHED MY
SCARS WITH
KILLEBREW... I
WANT TO FLY
THE SKIES WITH
ILANEY...

BUT THEN,
ZEN KICKS IN
AGAIN AND IT
HITS ME IN THE
CHOPS...

I'VE
NEVER LEFT
ANYONE FOR
"THE
AUTHORITIES."
EVER...

... BECAUSE
I'VE NEVER
BEEN
ALLOWED
TO.

NEVER
BEEN ALLOWED
TO WALK AWAY.
TURN THE CHEEK.
LIE LOW. TAKE
THE HIGH ROAD.
BE GOOD. DO
RIGHT.

I DON'T
WANT TO
KILL YOU,
FRANCIS...

KRAKKT

... BUT I
DON'T HAVE
A CHOICE.

BECAUSE
IN MY LIFE...
WHAT I WANT
DOESN'T
AMOUNT TO
SQUAT.



LONG MINUTES ROIL BY
WITH THE CURRENT, WHEN...

OKAY, THAT'S
IT... MOVE ALONG,
PEOPLE, THIS IS A RIVER,
NOT A ROODEO...
NOTHING TO SEE
HERE...

JUST A
COYOTE FINALLY
GETTING HIS CLAWS
INTO SOME
PESKY ROAD
RUNNER...

WHO GOT
SPLATTED UNDER
THE WHEELS OF A
BIG FAT ACME
TRUCK HAULIN' A
MOTHERLOAD
OF FATE.



WELL, MY GHOSTY-
HUMP-BUSTERS? MY
JIMINY CROCKETS?
MY WOULD-BE
CLARENCE?
WHAT SAY YE,
UNDEAD?

DID I DO
GOOD?

HAS JUSTICE
BEEN SERVED? HAVE
THE SCALES BEEN
BALANCED? HAVE THE
Y'S BEEN CROSSED
AND THE T'S BEEN
DOTTED? HUM?



YOU
UNGRATEFUL
BUNCH OF
SPECTRAL ETHER
SUCKERS...



GUY GETS HIS MELON
BASHED IN, FREEZE-
DRIES HIS BOXERS,
AND COMES OUT
ON THE WRONG END
OF A CRISIS OF
CONSCIENCE...

AND HE
DOESN'T GET
SO MUCH AS A
THANKIE-DO OR
A FRIENDLY (BUT
PLATONIC) PAT
ON THE BACK-
SIDE.

CLASSIC...
WHY SHOULD
THE DEAD TREAT
ME ANY BETTER
THAN THE
LIVING?

CHUMPS,
I HOPE IN THE
AFTERLIFE, YOUR
HARPS ONLY PLAY
NEW KIDS ON
THE BLOCK
SONGS.

UH...
THIS ISN'T
RIGHT.